

DELL
A DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC

10¢

AUGUST

the Lone Ranger

52 pages • ALL COMICS



INDIAN FIGHTERS....

DEFENDING THE
SETTLEMENT



IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE HOW THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS AND WESTWARD BOUND WAGON TRAINS COULD HAVE SURVIVED WITHOUT THE CEASELESS VIGILANCE OF THE U.S. CAVALRY.

OFTEN GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE TOUGH, HARD-BITTEN, IRON-DISCIPLINED MEN AND OFFICERS PATROLLED DEEP INTO INDIAN COUNTRY TO TRACK DOWN AND PUNISH SOME BAND OF MARAUDING INDIAN WAR PARTIES.

THE CAVALRYMAN'S LIFE WAS A DREARY MONOTONOUS LIFE EXCEPT WHEN THE TROOP WENT INTO ACTION AGAINST THE SIOUX, COMANCHE, APACHE AND OTHER WARLIKE TRIBES. SHORTLY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, VETERANS OF BOTH SIDES FORMED VARIOUS TROOPS THAT HAVE GONE DOWN IN MILITARY HISTORY AS THE FINEST CAVALRY OF ITS KIND.

THEIR GLORY AND HEROIC EXPLOITS ARE STILL BEING TOLD IN BOOKS AND MOTION PICTURES.

THE CHARGE!



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AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO GALLOP TOWARD SILVER DUST, TERROR STORMS...



AS THE WHITE MASKED RIDER RACE OFF BEHIND A PARTNELL TONTO OF SHOTS, THE LONE RANGER REINS UP...



I WEAR THE MARK FOR PERSONAL REASONS! STARK SILVER! THE HORROR! SILVER! AND YOUR MARKS! YOU MUST BE THE LONE RANGER! THOSE VANDALISTS' BEEN GOIN' THE TOWN HERE WITH BURN-BURN AND STRAMPED, BUT WHEN WE COME IN INTO GHOST TOWN TWO MILES BEHIND THE ABANDONED SILVER MINE... THEY WASH! WE CAN'T CATCH THE GHOST GANG!



THAT SHERIFF'S BEEN SHOT! YOUR 'GHOSTS' USE REAL BULLETS! COME ON TONTO, WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THAT OLD TOWN!







QUICKLY THEY ADVANCE

"MOON SHINE
THROUGH CRACKS!"

THAT MUST BE A
BOARDED UP OPENING!
WE'LL BREAK THROUGH!



WE'RE OUT! BUT I DOUBT IF I
COULD FIND THIS OPENING
AGAIN...EVEN IN THE DARK!



FINDING THEIR HORSES, THE LONG
BANDITS AND GENTS RAN BACK TO TOWN...

I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I?
YOU CHARGED 'EM BUT
ONCE YOU GOT INTO
GHOST TOWN, THEY
VANISHED!

YES BUT SOMEONE
LEFT SOME NEW
ROPE IN A SHAFT
DOWN THERE! WAS
ANYONE BEEN WORK-
ING THE MINE LATELY?



NOT FOR YEARS! LEAH HATING DANG MOST
OF THEM MINER LANDS ARE AN OLD PROS-
PECTOR LIVES BY HIMSELF! HE JUST SAYS
OVER HIS RIGHT TO THAT MINE TO ME, KELLER
WELLS TO SQUARE HIS BILL AT HIS
GENERAL STORE!

WHERE? I'LL DO
SOME PROSPECTING
MYSELF IN THE
MORNING AND LOOK
UP LEAH HATING!



THE HOT MORNINGS THEY SET OUT TO
LOOK FOR THE PROSPECTOR...

THAT MUST
BE CARN!

SWING AROUND TONED
THEY'VE SUNGLAY BACK
IN SILVER DUST!



IN TOWN THE GHOST GANG AGAIN STORIES SWIFT...

MY BARN AND MY WHOLE STOCK
OF WINTER GRAIN-UP IN BACK!

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE STILL
LIVING! GET DOWN! THEY'RE
FLYING!









AS THE TRAP DOOR SILENTLY CLOSED, THE LONG
RANGER ENTERED, OLIVE IN HAND.



SOON AFTER, AT LEE RANGER'S CASH...

A MARKED MAN... BUT YOU MUST BE THE ONE WHO 'TRIED TRACKIN' DOWN THE GHOST GANG!

YOU CAN HELP ME RESCUE MY FRIEND AND CAPTURE THE GHOST GANG!



I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN GUIDE ME THROUGH GHOST TOWN AND IF NECESSARY, DROP IT! AN ORDER OF THE KINE BELOW SHOOT TOWN! YOU KNOW THE LAYOUT!

I KNOW IT, BUT I AIN'T THEM CHANCE NO MORE! HELD ONTIL THE DEEP LONG AS I COULD, BUT LAST WEEK, I PAID OFF BALLY KILLER WITH IT!



BUT YOU WILL GUIDE ME THROUGH IT SO I CAN FIND MY FRIEND FRIEND!

WELL, I AIN'T ONE TUN HERE 'ROUND WITH GHOSTS, BUT REEM! IT'S FIVE SOMEONE ON THE LANE SIDE... DON'T ASK YUH IN TOWN IN HALF AN HOUR!



REEM! IT'S FIVE SOMEONE ON THE LANE SIDE...

SHERIFF! A MARKED RIDER JUST TOWNED THE SILVER BULLET INTO YOUR OFFICE!

THANKS DEPUTY! MUST'VE BEEN THE LONE RANGER! REEM! THE GHOST IS CLEAR! YE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE RANGERS, REEM! REEM!



THEN I RECKON THERE'S NO POINT IN ME AN THE OTHER DEPUTIES HANGIN' 'ROUND!

NO! I WON'T NEED YOU! NOW THAT I'VE HAD AROUND FROM THE LONE RANGER THAT THE GHOST GANG'S QUITE! I CAN HANDLE THE RANGERS MYSELF!



THE DEPUTIES RIDE OFF AND THE SHERIFF HEADS FOR THE STATION...

TRAIN JUST PULLED IN, SHERIFF! I RECKON THIS TIME THE HANGERS'LL GET PAID OFF!

THAT'S WHAT IM GOIN TO SEE NOW... SHOOTING!





GET DOWN, STRANGER! I NEVER SHOULD'VE TRUSTED A RAKED HARMINT! YOU DOUBLE-CROSS'ED ME!

HOW DARE YOU?

HELL, ANSWER THAT AFTER YOU'RE BEHIND BARS!



AND IN THE JAIL...

GET IN THERE... YOU SAID YOU'D LEAVE A SILVER BULLET IF THE COAST WAS CLEAR AN'...

AND I DIDN'T LEAVE A SILVER BULLET BECAUSE I COULDN'T CHECK ON THE SHOOT GANG!



YOU DIDN'T LEAVE A SILVER BULLET? THEN WHAT'S THIS?



I SEE YOU'VE GOT SOME MORE SILVER BULLETS ON YOUR BELT, BROTHER! YOU RUINED MY FARM! BUSINESS, BUT I'LL STILL HAVE ENOUGH COIN AROUND TO MAKE YOU A SILVER COFFIN!

NOW LET'S GO AND EXPLAIN TO YOUR AGENT THIS!



I DIDN'T LEAVE A SILVER BULLET AND THIS ONE HNT EVEN LIKE MINE! IT LOOKS PARELY ONLY FRESH. I THINK I KNOW WHY, BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT IN HERE...

HEY, LONG RANGER! THEY TOLD ME TO FIND YOU IN THERE...

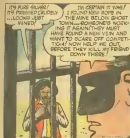


AND THE LONG RANGER AND A MISTAKE...

SEEMS LIKE THE SHERIFF AINT TOO SURE WHOSE SIDE YOU'RE ON! BUT I STILL BELIEVE YUH YUH DON'T BELONG IN THERE!

THANKS, BUT KIDS, I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT SOMETHIN' I'M SURE YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN! ITS SILVER!





AS THEY HEAD INTO SMOKE TOWN, THE HORSE,
RECALLING THE AMERICAN SWAMP AROUND...

THE HORSE IS GLITCHING FROM ALL
WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS THAT
THE SHOOT GANG DOESN'T START
SHOOTING AT US AS WE RIDE
DOWN MAIN STREET?

CLUT LEFT, THERE'S
AN OLD ENTRANCE
TO THE MINE SHAFT
A QUARTER OF A
MILE OFF.



THIS WAS AN EMERGENCY EXIT!
I DID IT ONCE... LEADS FROM ALL
THE SHAFTS UNDER SMOKE TOWN!

ALL I SEE
IS BUSHES!



NOW, LOOK! NEVER LIKED
POLICE MONEY 'ROUND ON
AS PROPERTY?

THIS TIME, OH CERTAIN
YOU ARE GOING TO
FIND PLINY OF
COMPANY INSIDE
THE OLD MINE!



AS THE TWO MEN ADVANCE QUIETLY THROUGH THE
MINE TUNNEL, SUDDENLY...

VOICES!

THEY'RE COMING FROM OVER
BY SHAFT EIGHT! FOLLOW ME, WE
CAN SNEAK CLOSE AN' LISTEN!



THESE ARE SOME PERFECTLY
WE GOT THEM SILVER DUST
PEOPLE TOO SCARED TO COME
ROUND AND FIND THE NEW
ORE LOAD WE STRUCK!

AN' THE MONEY WE
ROBBERED FROM THEM
JANES? PAYROLL WILL
PAY FOR THE LAND RIGHTS
TUN THROUGH TOWN!
SOME IN TOWN WITH TWO
OF THEM BOWS BURNIN' UP
THEM DESERT RALLY! WELLER
HOLD THE ACE... HERE'S HE
FOR WHAT SOME THIN
DAY LOSE!



SOON AS THE BOWS COME
BACK WITH SALLY, KELLER
PEER, HE'LL CELEBRATE BY
GETTIN' RID OF THEM
INJUN!

WON'TO SAFE FOR
THE HONORABLE
HERE, LAM! I'VE
GOT TO STOP
SALLY KELLER
FROM TELLING OUT!



MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF BALLY KELLER'S GENERAL STORE, THREE MEN ARE BARGAINING FIERCELY...

KELLER NODS AS HE SEES TO SHAFT RIGHT AND LEFT OF THE OTHER PROPERTY THERE AN SECURITY AGAINST HIS DEED, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY ANYONE'D WANT TO BUY THAT LIFELESS AREA!

OH, I DON'T WANT THE FINE, MAYA, WE'RE FIGHTING ON RE-BUILDING GHOST TOWN, BUT WE COULDN'T DO THAT WITHOUT OWNIN' THE LAND BELOW AS WELL AS ABOVE!

I DON'T SEE ANY HOOK IN SELLING YOU THE HIGH RIGHTS! CAN'T EVEN GET A GULL TO GO NEAR THESE WITH THAT GHOST GANG HAUNTING THE PLACE!

WELL, WE AREN'T AFRAID OF THE GHOST GANG, MAYA! NOW JUST SHUT-POOM! YUH BISH HERE IN LL HAND YUH THE TWO HUNDRED GREENBACK!



DON'T SIGN HIS KELLER! THAT AREA IS WORTH A FORTUNE!

THAT BARRED HORSE AREA! DON'T LISTEN TUN THAT CRITTER!

LISTEN TO HIM! A BARRED MAN TELLING ME WHAT TO DO!

IF YOU WON'T LISTEN, I'LL JUST TAKE THE DEED FOR SAFEGUARDING!



GET HIM, BOYS! THE BARRED HORSE MAN TELLING HIM DOWN!

AHREE!

BUTTER FIND YOURSELF SOME NEW GUNMEN, AHO!

MY HAND I'LL BRING YUH DOWN YET!



AT THE LOW BRIDGE GRINDS GUNFIRE, A
CARRIAGE ARCHES THROUGH THE AIR...



BUT AS THE BURNING TAKES AIR, THE GREAT WHITE
STALLION JOES FORWARD, DRIVING HIS KICK AND
KICK AS HE KICKS HIS...





I HAVE TO BEAT THOSE OUTLAW'S BACK TO THE MINE AND GET TONTO CUT OF THERE FIRST!



AS THE LONE RANGER HEARS BACK FOR GHOST TONTO, A WELCOME COMMITTEE FORMED FOR HIS ARRIVAL...

THERE'S THE HANGED CRIPPER NOW, OVERHA!

FIGURED HE'D COME BACK HERE AGAIN! SOON AS HE'S IN RANGE, I'LL ORDER HIM TO THROW DOWN HIS GUNS! IF HE DOESN'T...



WARRIORS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! REACH! YOU'RE GOING BACK TO JAIL!

THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME AND I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN THINGS TO THEM! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE...



HI-YO, SILVER!

HE'S BREAKING FOR IT! FIRE!

BLAM! BANG!



BOMB HIM DOWN!

I HAVE TO MAKE THAT SECRET ENTRANCE!



HE'S HIT!

QUICK! HE'S FALLEN OVER IN THOSE BUSHES!

BUT AS THE HORDES RACED UP...

GOING! I'D OFFSHOOT HIM BASHED LIKE A
WAX JAT AND TELL HERD! CHARGE! THAT RIDER
HE'S ONE OF THE
SHOOT GIVE
CRITTER!



THE LEAD RANGER TRAPPED TO HIS CLOVER HALL, LEE RACING
UNARMED THROUGH THE RIDE PASSAGE...

THEIR LEADER JUST CAME
BACK! HE'S TURNING BACKS YOU
RAN OFF WITH THIN DEED AN
HE'S GONNA KILL TONTO FOR
REVENGE!

I THOUGHT I'D GET HERD
FIRST, BUT THE SHEEP DELAYED
ME! NOW WE'RE GONNA IN TO GET
TONTO! COME ON!



OH! KID! WE'LL BE SENDIN'
YOUR FATHERS PAIL ALONG TUN JOIN
YIN SOON IN THE HAPPY MOUNTY
GROUND WHERE YOE...

DROP YOUR
GUNS!

BLAZES! THE
WAGGED HORNS!



OUT TONTO FREE!
I'LL HANDLE THE REST
OF THEM!

URGH!



NO ONE MOTTLES
IN... AHH!

QUICK! WE
GOT TO GET
OUT OF
HERE! THE
SHOOT'S HAD
SHAKEN THE
TUNNEL... THE
SHOOTING GIVE
WAY!





ORDER, THE HOLEY COWBOY THE GHOST BANDIT!

EDDY CRYED THEM OUT IN UP THAT THIRSTY-GHOST SHOUT BUT THE GHOST WOMEN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM SO HE CAN'T CLIMB OUT NO LADDER 'ROUND AND NO ONE'LL HEAR US YELL!

WE HAVE THE GHOST GANG CAPTURED BUT MISS TRAPPED TOO... UNLUCKY I CAN THROW UP THE ROPE!



THROWING A SHARP SHOT THE LONG SHARP KNIFE THE LARDER AND THREATS IT BEHOLD...



THERE IT GOES!

AND IF IT DON'T CARE THAT FOOT LEFT THERE... HEED ME STAY!

THE BOYS WERE UP AND THE GHOST WOMEN AND FELL!



MADE IT!



WE CLIMB UP!

THEY'VE BEEN THE SHARP AND LET HIM COLLECT THE GHOST GANG IN THE SHARP-POINT SHIRT! THIS WILL BE THE FIRST TIME THE GHOSTS EVER JOINED GHOSTS!

SOON AFTER WHILE THE SHARP AND FORDS ARE OUT FOR THE TRAPPED GANG THE LONG SHARP KNIFE A CALL AT THE KILLERS...

I SURE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME FROM CHOKING MEY A HORSE! I THAT GHOST GANG THE CERTAINLY CLEVER USING THE OLD TOWN AT A HIDE-OUT AND TRYING TO SCARE US INTO BELIEVING WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS WORTHLESS LAND!

RIGHTLY GLAD ONE OF THESE WASH'T AROUND OF GHOSTS' SHOUTS! IF YOU EVER NEED MORE OF THEM, SILVER BULLETS... LET ME KNOW!



HI-YO SILVER AWAY!















PULL UP THE HERD!

WHAT? WHO IN BLAZED ARE YUH?



RED WANT ME TO STOP THE HERD. HAD TOLD PROBABLY CAMP FOR THE NIGHT IN GREEN VALLEY. WERE TAKING THE HERD TO ANOTHER DEALER!

ONCE WHEN HAS RED GONE IN FOR PASSES?



ASK HIM? HERE'S THE RECEIPT HE GAVE ME. DA TO GIVE IT TO THE NEW DEALER AND HE'LL SQUARE ACCOUNTS WITH THE MAN IN PINE JUNCTION. NOW SWING THE HERD AROUND AND WE'LL TAKE OVER!



I STILL DON'T GAWNY WHY RED CHANGED HIS MIND AND I DON'T KNOW YU. ESPECIALLY WITH THE MARK!

RED MUST'VE SENT HIM OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE THE RECEIPT! SWING DA AROUND!



AS THE RUSTLEERS START TO TURN THE HERD BACKWARDS, BAY YUH SWINON DA BAY YUH FROM PINE JUNCTION!

ORDERED RED WANT OUT THAT MARKED HORSE TO TAKE OVER THE HERD!



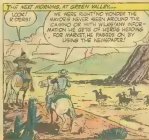
HEM? IS ANY MORON FEEL RED?

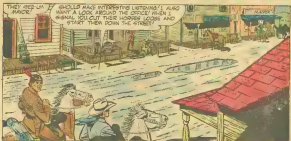
QUICK, TONTO! BREAK FOR IT!





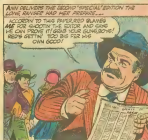








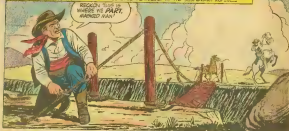








ONCE ACROSS THE BRIDGE THE OUTLAW REACHES FOR HIS GUN AT THE SURPRISED JERRY...



OUTLAW LEAPS ACROSS THE GAPING CRACK...



YOU SAID GOOD-BYE A BIT TOO SOON!



OOF!

I'LL TIE YOU UP WITH YOUR RED GUN, THEN YOU CAN JOIN YOUR PALS... AT THE JAILHOUSE!



LATER...
AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR THE EXTRA LONG RANGER BUCK CRIME IN PRISON?

NO MORE SHERIFF! HA-HEA HA-HEA, AWAAAA!



Wolf Brother's Partner



Wolf Brother's side was still painful, under the snug bandage of buckskin that Prairie Rose had made for the healing wound. The joggling of his pony hurt—but Wolf Brother did not care, for his heart beat high with happiness. Out of the corner of his eye, he glanced at his promised bride.

Prairie Rose, daughter of an Arikara chief, rode her pinto with the ease of a warrior. She was keeping the three other captured Hidatsa ponies in line. She had finished mourning for her father, and other relatives, lately slain by Sioux raiders. She had no one now, but Wolf Brother—the Pawnee youth who had rescued her from the Hidatsas. Yet she was content. It was she who had insisted that they continue hunting until they had located the great buffalo herd. Then they would return to Wolf Brother's people.

"We shall find them tomorrow, I think," the girl's voice spoke, just behind him. "I have a feeling, too, that danger lies in our path."

"We will turn toward the setting sun, then," Wolf Brother replied. "Sometimes the Great Herd swings westward to fool the hunters."

They stopped near sunset beside a little, willow-bordered creek. The five ponies were allowed to drink. Then they were "hobbled," with anklets of tough rawhide joined by a short, braided

thong. Wolf Brother shot a rabbit—and Prairie Rose broiled it for their supper, over a tiny fire of dry wood that did not smoke. Smoke might betray their little camp to enemy eyes. As darkness fell, the two rolled up in their buffalo robes, with their weggans. They slept the light sleep of all wild things who are alive because they are ever alert.

Sometime before midnight, a pony's snort awakened Wolf Brother. Reaching out, silently, he touched the buffalo robe of Prairie Rose. She stirred—and he knew that she had heard it, too. As noiseless as a shadow, he strung his bow, and slung his quiver.

"Wait here!" he told the girl—and glided into the darkness.

Again he heard the snort of his Pawnee pony, and the nervous stepping of its free hind feet. He rounded a clump of willows, crouching low, to bring objects into relief against the lesser darkness of the sky. That showed them—a human figure bending in front of the horse—to cut the hobbles!

Wolf Brother's bowstring twanged. A yell of pain answered. The horse plunged. The smaller figure vanished. Then a flurry of hoofbeats and a defiant whoop told of the thief's escape.

All the horses but one had gone! Worse, their camp had been spotted. With daylight, Sioux, Cheyenne, or

Hidatsa raiders might be on their trail.

Wolf Brother and Prairie Rose mounted their single horse, picked out a star for direction, and started.

"Half a day's travel from here," Wolf Brother told the girl, "rises a small, rocky butte. It will hide us, and provide a high lookout for both buffaloes and enemies. Sometimes one can find rainwater caught in deep hollows in the rock itself. We should sight it by dawn."

The dawn came—first with a pale, tender light—then with a golden flood. It showed the rocky butte three miles away. It also showed to Wolf Brother's searching gaze a score of raiders, still tiny in the distance, on their back trail!

Wolf Brother thrust the pony's rein into his partner's hand, and leaped to the ground. It hurt his side, but he gave no sign of pain.

"Our horse is tired," he said. "If I run part way, he may live to reach the butte . . . If he dies, we die too!"

Prairie Rose did not reply. But a mile farther, when pain slowed her warrior's pace, she jumped down—and motioned Wolf Brother onto the horse. Their pursuers were closer now.

For the last mile they both rode. Their pony died, pierced with Sioux arrows, fifty yards from the rock. But Wolf Brother and his partner reached protection, unhurt. They climbed, a few yards at a time, pausing to shoot at

their baffled, howling foes. The girl's bow twanged as often, and with as deadly effect as did the boy's. At last the Sioux drew off, out of range.

"They will surround us," Wolf Brother stated calmly. "To leave us alive now would blacken their faces. Sooner or later their arrows will reach us. I could wish better things for you, Prairie Rose!"

Bravely her eyes met his.

"I could wish for only one thing better than to die with you, Wolf Brother," she said, "and that would be to live with you, always! I have asked the Great Spirit—"

Sioux war whoops drowned out her words. Sioux arrows clattered among the rocks where they stood. Then—abruptly—all was silent. All but a faint, far-off rumbling!

Quickly Wolf Brother stooped, laid his ear to the rock.

"Stampede!" he exclaimed, leaping up. "The Great Herd comes—like the rush of flood water down a canyon! It will flow around this rock—it will sweep over our enemies if they wait too long. . . ."

But the Sioux war party had not waited. They were out of sight before the first brown waves of the Great Herd washed the base of the butte. And on its highest point two tiny figures, like statues of bronze, lifted grateful arms to heaven—Wolf Brother and his partner, Prairie Rose!



YOUNG HAWK

O-O-O! YOUNG HAWK!
NEAR CLOUD! OUR CANOE
IS CAPTIVE AWAY! THE
RIVER HAS RISEN!



ON THE FOURTH MORNING AFTER LEAVING HATCHEE,
LITTLE DUCK AWAKES TO A STARTLING SIGHT

LAST NIGHT WE LEFT THE
CANOE HIGH AND DRY ON
THE SHORE!

AND YOU WONDERED WHY
I WANTED TO TIE A LONG
ROPE TO IT? YOU SEE,
NOW!

BUT THERE
WASN'T
ANY RAIN!



NOW WE WILL PULL IN THAT
OTHER LINE THAT I SET OUT
LAST NIGHT --- AND BRING
IN OUR BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, HIGH CLOUD?



NO RAIN HERE, BUT FAR UP
THE RIVER THE CLOUDS
POURED IT DOWN FOR MANY
DAYS! SPRING AND FALL I HAVE
SEEN IT HAPPEN FOR THREE
SCORE YEARS!

FIGHT! IT'S FULL
OF FISH!

WHEN DID YOU GET
THIS DUT, GRAND-
FATHER HIGH
CLOUD?

AFTER
YOU AND
LITTLE DUCK
WERE ASLEEP,
YOUNG HAWK!





WE CAN'T EAT ALL THESE
FOXES FOR BREAKFAST.

NO---WE'LL ROAST
THEM TO TAKE WITH
US IN THE CANOE.



THE FLOOD HAS WASHED AWAY
MANY TREES--- AND NOT
LONG AGO, THE LEAVES WERE
STILL GREEN.

TREES LIKE THAT
SOMETIMES ROLL
IN THE CURRENT!
DON'T PADDLE
TOO CLOSE!



THERE ARE TWO MORE REASONS
FOR NOT GETTING CLOSE---
A SKUNK AND A BOBCAT!



WOLF
PARK!

I'LL SHOOT
THE CAT---

NO, LITTLE HUCK!
THE GREAT SPIRIT
HAS DECLARED A
TRUCE WITH CREATURES
CAUGHT BY FLOOD
OR FIRE!



YES, LITTLE HUCK--- ON
THAT LOSS THE FOX AND
THE RACCOON WILL NOT
ATTACK EACH OTHER.

I HAVE SEEN A PUMA
AS LARGE AS THREE
BOBCATS SHARING A
FLOATING BRUSH PILE
WITH A DOG AND A
TRUNK.



AT DUSK, HIGH CLOUD PICKS OUT A WOODED
PORT OF LAND FOR A CAMPSITE ...



"PULL!
PULL!"

"HOW HIGH SHALL
WE PULL THE
CASKET?"

"TO THE HIGHEST
POINT AMONG
THE TREES!"



"IT'S—TOO MUCH
WORK! THE RIVER'S
—USE!"
"NEVER RISEN THIS
HIGH!"

"THAT'S TRUE,
HIGH CLOUD—
ISN'T IT?"

"PULL!"



"WHY? WHAT'S GOT
AFTER HIGH CLOUD?" NOW
HE'S Tying THE CASKET
TO A TREE!

"HE MUST HAVE SOME
GOOD REASON,
LITTLE BUCK."



"HE IS ANGRY AT US FOR
ASKING QUESTIONS—"

"—OR FOR WONDERING
IF HE IS AFRAID OF
THE RIVER."

THAT EVENING, HIGH CLOUD WRAPS HIMSELF IN
SILENCE, LIKE A BLANKET.



"LITTLE, YOUNG HAWK!
THE RIVER'S VOICE HAS
CHANGED? PERHAPS IT
IS RISING."

"IF IT WERE, HIGH CLOUD
WOULD WARN US. GO
TO SLEEP!"



"TARRY! TUMBLEWEED!"

BUT LITTLE BUCK CANNOT SLEEP WELL FOR LISTEN-
ING TO THE RIVER. JUST BEFORE DAWN HE GETS UP...





DAZZED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD, LITTLE BUDD HAS SWALLOWED WATER...





BUT SOMETHING WORSE THAN A WILDCAT POKES ITS WICKED HEAD OUT OF THE TREE ROOTS --- A COTTONMOUTH MOCCASIN ...



IN ITS EAGERNESS, THE MOCCASIN STRIKES SHORT... AND THE SPELL OF ITS EVIL EYES IS BROKEN...









SEE! THE TREES ARE
LITTLE WOMEN---
WITH LONG, GRAY
HAIR!

ANOTHER WEEK BRINGS THE TRAVELERS DEEP
INTO THE BAYOU COUNTRY... WHERE "SPANISH MOSS"
HANGS FROM OVERARCHING TREES...



WE WILL GO AHEAD
AND MAKE CAMP---
AND HUNT FOR
FRESH MEAT.

GOOD! I'M TIRED
OF FISH!



WE DON'T NEED TO FEAR
THE CANOE FAR UP ON
THE BANK. HEH! HEH!

NO! IN THE BAYOUT
IS SAFE---UNLESS
A CAYMAN OVERTURNS
IT!



WHAT IS A
"CAYMAN"
GRANDFATHER?

IT LOOKS LIKE A LION IN WATER---
BUT IT CAN BITE A MAN IN TWO!
BE CAREFUL OF LOGS---
ON LAND OR AFLOAT!



TUMBLEWEED'S TREED
SOMETHING! IT LOOKS
LIKE A GIANT RAT!

IN THE TROPIC
TROPIC!



IT MAY BE GOOD TO EAT---
I'LL SHOOT IT ANYWAY!

WHILE HIGH CLOUD MAKES CAMP, THE BOYS
DEPART TO HUNT... LITTLE BUCK
FOLLOWING HIS PUP...



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Wapiti is a Siouan Indian name for a large, elk like animal which inhabited most of the northern United States. Hunters

paid little attention to their and preserve when a large wapiti was around.

Sketches of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.